

HANDAMA

DECEMBER 1972

92 PAISE

WE THREE KINGS

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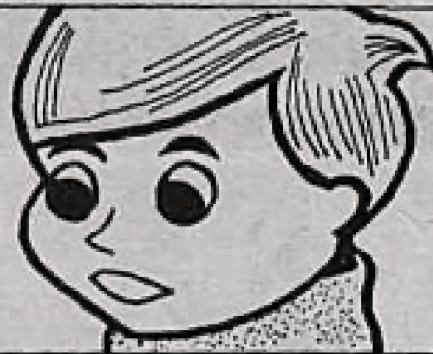
Playing it right...

We played a cricket match in school today Daddy. But I got out very soon.

Why son, what happened?



Sunil bowled a short ball. I tried to cut but edged a catch to the wicket-keeper.



Bad luck! But there are other strokes to deal with short balls. For instance, you can play the hook. Move to your right so that the ball comes high up of your left. Hit with an upward swing of the bat.

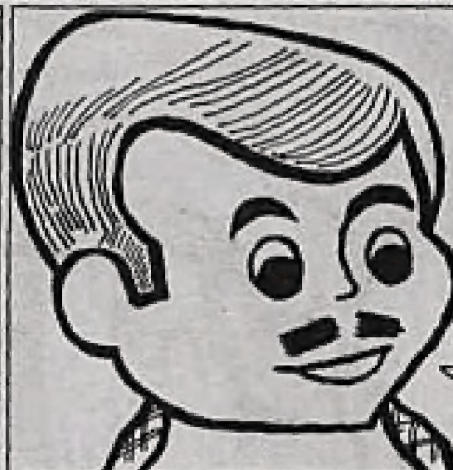


And if you hit with full force you will swing round completely. You may even find yourself facing the wicket-keeper!



Now then, it's nearly eight-thirty, son. Off to bed. Have you brushed your teeth?

I washed my mouth after dinner, Dad.



That won't do son. You must brush your teeth every night and morning, to remove all decay-causing food particles. You must also massage the gums so they'll be healthy and strong.

Yes, Daddy.



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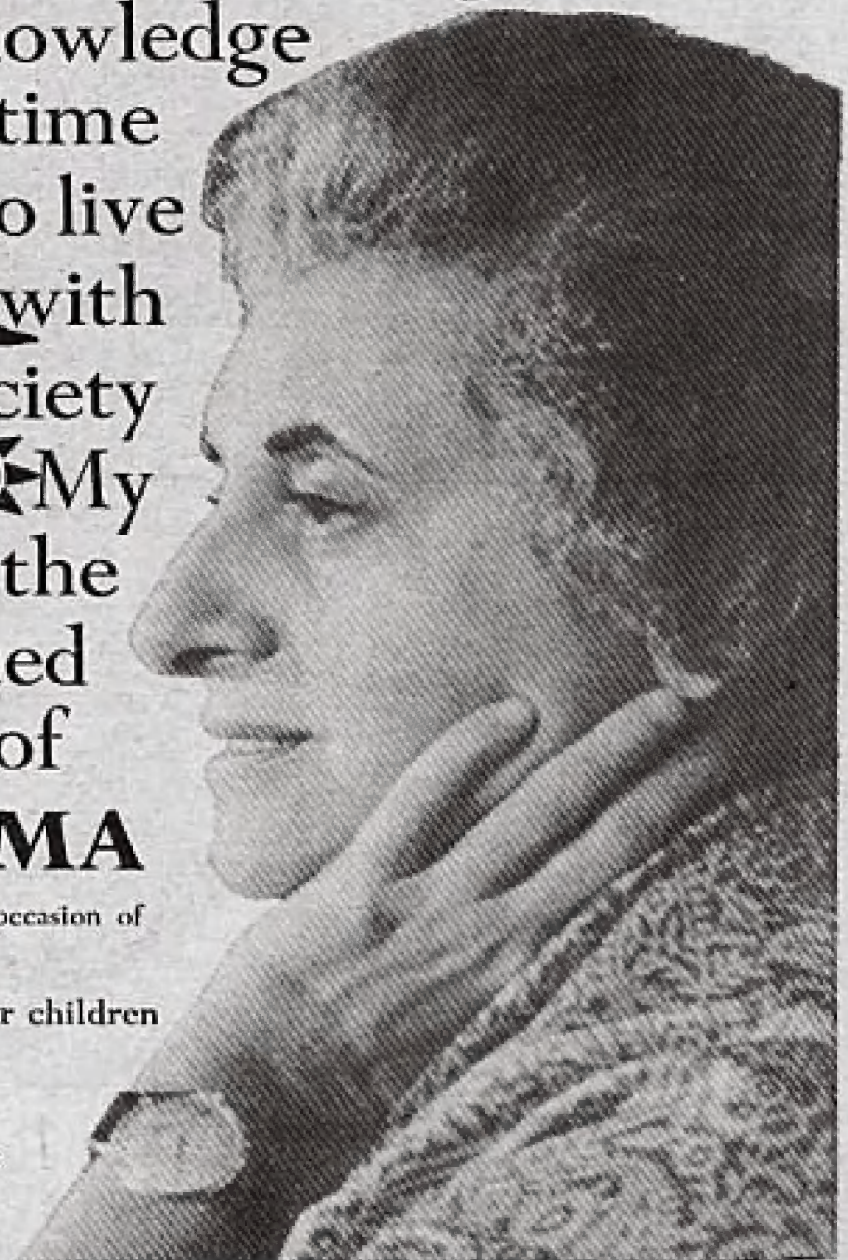
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and the young grow older.

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CHANDAMAMA

Vol. 3 No. 6 December 1972

A MERRY CHRISTMAS TO EVERYONE



Printed by B. V. Reddi at The Prasad Process Private Ltd., and Published
by B. Viswanatha Reddi for Chandamama Publications, 2 & 3, Arcot Road,
Madras - 26. Controlling Editor : 'Chakrapani'



THE MILLER'S APPRENTICE

Once upon a time there was an old miller who had no children to help him in his work, so instead, he employed three young men as apprentices. One day, the miller, who was growing too old to work any more, said to the three young men, "Go out into the world and whichever one of you

brings me back the finest horse shall have the mill as his own".

The name of the youngest apprentice was Hans and the other two disliked him, so when the miller had gone they said to him, "You might as well stay here in the village, Hans. What chance have you of finding a horse?"

That night, when Hans was fast asleep, the other apprentices tiptoed out of the room and away into the night. When he awoke in the morning, Hans was alone except for a tortoiseshell cat.

"Where are you going, Han?" said the cat.

"Why do you want to know? Can you help me?" asked Hans.

"Yes, I know the task that the miller has set you," said the cat. "If you will be my faithful servant for seven years I will give you the finest horse that you have ever seen."

The cat took Hans to her enchanted castle and there he met the other cats which waited on her and played music to her in the evening.

The next day Hans was hard at work, chopping wood for the castle fires with a silver axe and a silver saw which the cat had given him. Hans remained at the castle for a long time and one day asked the cat if it was time for his reward.

"No," she replied. "There is one more thing you must do for me."

The cat gave Hans a box of silver tools and told him to build a silver house. By the time Hans had finished his task



the seven years were over and it was time for him to leave.

The cat showed Hans to her stables and there he saw twelve of the finest horses in the land, with beautiful silken coats and strong, slim legs.

"Go home now Hans and after three days one of these horses will follow you. He will be yours," said the cat.

When Hans arrived home he found that the other two apprentices had arrived there before him.

"What did we tell you?" they said. "We knew you would return without a horse." When Hans tried to explain where he had been for the past seven



years and that the finest horse in the land would be his in three days' time, the other two boys laughed at him.

On the morning of the third day a magnificent carriage, drawn by fine horses, drew up at the door of the mill. Out of the carriage stepped a beautiful princess. She asked the miller if she might see Hans. When he came she gave him one of the horses which had been pulling the carriage. "This is your reward for being such a faithful servant," she said.

"The mill is yours as well," said the miller, for the horse was the finest he had ever seen.

All Hans could say was, "But

I worked for a tortoise-shell cat for seven years, not a beautiful princess like yourself."

"It is true," replied the princess. "I was once a cat, but now the wicked spell has been lifted from me and now I am a princess, just like I used to be.

"Come with me Hans, the miller can keep his mill, for the silver house that you built me has changed into a wonderful palace."

Hans said farewell to the miller and the apprentices and rode off with the princess to her palace. There, they were married and lived happily ever after.

THE CALIPH AND AHMED

Muthsitbilla was one of the great Caliphs who ruled over Baghdad. One day, as was his wont, he disguised himself and with his dear friend Amdus began to roam the streets of the city. The two of them got tired of roaming and rested on a raised platform facing a handsome mansion and a beautiful garden.

As they sat admiring the palatial mansion, two liveried servants deep in conversation came out. One said, "To-day, our master will not touch his dinner, because there is no guest to share his food with him." The other replied, "If we notice any visitors to this garden, we can request them to join our master for dinner." When the Caliph heard these words, he turned to Amdus and said, "We must meet this hospitable gentleman who seeks out guests to share his dinner."

Whereupon Amdus accosted

the servants and said, "Hullo there, go and tell your master that we are merchants lately come to this city from a distant land."

The servants ran in great haste to acquaint their master of the glad tidings. He came out and graciously welcomed the Caliph and his friend. But as they sat down to dinner, the Caliph became morose and severe. Suddenly, he shouted at the host, "Who are you?" thundered the Caliph. Even Amdus was surprised that the normally genial Caliph was highly irritable to-day. He wondered at the cause of it. As for the host, he smiled gently and replied, "Sir, I am Ahmed. May I know to whom I have the pleasure of talking. What is the cause for which you have suddenly become angry?"

Then Amdus revealed the identity of the Caliph and Ahmed got up and bowed low



Ahmed kneels before the Caliph

before the sovereign.

"How fortunate I am, Oh! Commander of the Faithful, that you should step into this humble dwelling. But if there is something wrong with the dinner, I pray you, tell me so that I may remedy it."

Then the Caliph said, "Know, Oh, Ahmed, your dinner was excellent, but whence did you get that silk dress which bears the crest of

my late father? How is it that silks which should stay in the palace adorn your home?"

Ahmed smiled and began:

"Oh! Commander of the Faithful, I was born in a noble family. My father was a famous merchant in Baghdad with several shops to his credit. I was brought up in the lap of luxury and lacked for nothing.

One day, a lovely maiden came up to me where I was sitting in the shop and asked me whether I was Ahmed. I nearly swooned at her beauty but recovering myself, affirmed that it was indeed I who was known as Ahmed. Whereupon she sat down in front of me and said "Sir, I want three hundred gold mohurs, ask your clerk to count them out."

I looked at my clerk and nodded my head and without a word he counted out the money to the maiden.

She took the money and went away without a word. My clerk wanted to know to whom the money should be debited. I replied rather sourely that as I did not know her name, the entry in the books should be in the name of our angel. But my clerk ran after the maiden and a little later came

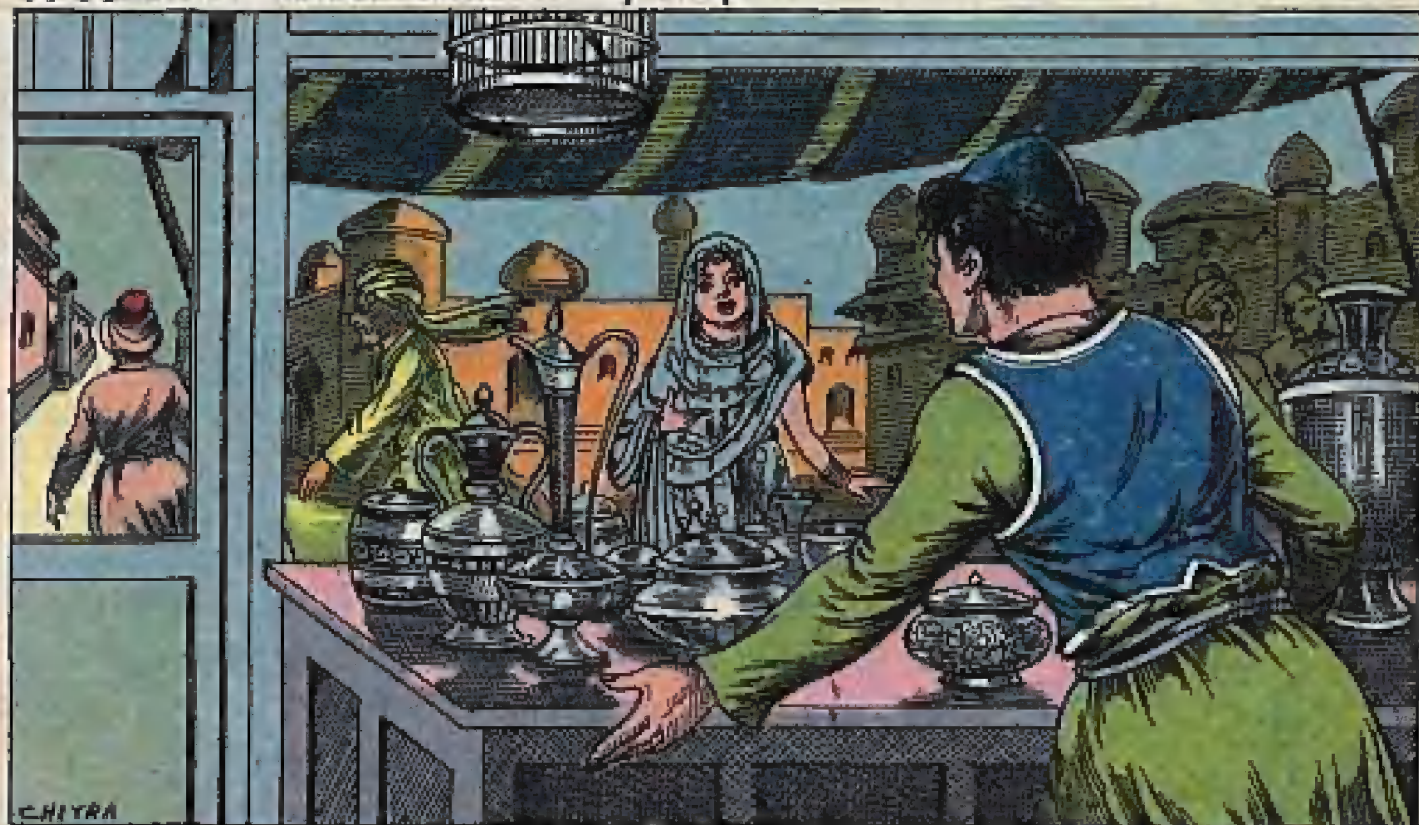
back with his clothes torn and bruises all over his body. I was shocked at this sight but did not say anything. Next day she returned again with a poker face and demanded five hundred mohurs. I said, "Certainly, you shall have it, my lady. I am your slave from this moment. In fact, this shop is yours. Take what you will." As on the previous day, she took the money and vanished silently. So it happened the next day also. But this time, unknown to her, I began to trail her and saw her go into the royal palace. How could I aspire for the love of a royal

lady?

I confessed to my mother my true feelings about the lovely maiden. But she rebuked me and said, "Son, don't be foolish. You are longing for the moon and that is impossible to get. If you wish, I shall arrange your marriage with a good girl of this city."

But I was adamant, and the next day sat in the shop lost in my thoughts. Just then a friend of my father entered the shop and seeing my downcast appearance blurted out all that had transpired. He thought for a minute, then said. "Son, I know a tailor in the royal

A beautiful maiden came to my shop



palace. I shall introduce you to him. Give him a lot of money and achieve your heart's objective."

So in the morning, I went with him to the old tailor and ordered a dress for which I paid ten gold mohurs. The tailor was surprised to receive such a large sum for an ordinary dress and looked at me questioningly. Then I recounted all that had

I offered the maiden
all I possessed



happened. He said, "Methinks—the maiden you describe must be Modi. She is a slave girl who charms the Caliph with her sweet music." As he was speaking, in walked a lad who said he was a servant in Modi's household. He pointed to one of the dresses hanging from a hook and asked for the price of it. I interposed and said, "Take it. I shall pay for it." Whereupon the lad laughed and said, "I presume you are Ibn Ahmed" I nodded my head and asked him how he knew who I was. Mischievously he replied, "How can I help not knowing who you are! My mistress is always remembering you. I can tell you how you can meet her."

I felt new life coursing through my veins at these words and implored him to take me to my lady love. The lad heard me, then abruptly went away. I was in despair. Suddenly he came back with a dress covered by the royal insignia. He said I should wear it as only those wearing such a dress could enter the palace. Then he told me that I should enter through a marble door which opened into the room inhabited by his mistress.



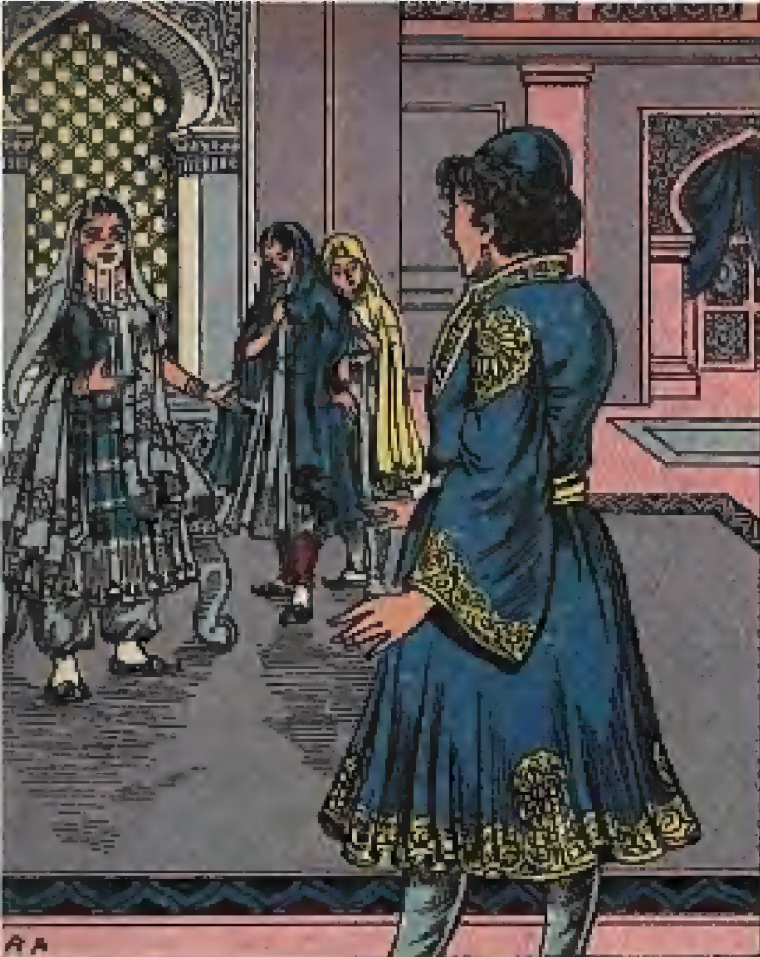
The boy gave me a royal dress

Now I am normally very cautious, but having gone this far, I did not want to back out. So I followed the boy, and went into the palace through the marble door. As I entered the long corridor, I heard footsteps and saw in the distance, the Caliph himself accompanied by his mamelukes. Quickly, I hid myself in the first room in front of me and came face to face with a lady of dignified appearance. Fortunately she did not cry out, but welcomed me sweetly and said, "Ah! Ibn Ahmed, by the grace

of God! My sister loves you dearly. She wanted to test your steadfastness and integrity. You have done well to come into my room. But let me ask you, what are your intentions towards Modi?"

I said, "I wish to marry her. That is why I dared so much."

Then she sent for Modi who came running as soon as the message was delivered. At that moment, the Caliph's entry was announced and quick as thought the sisters hid me in a large chest. Then the Caliph



At last I saw Modi

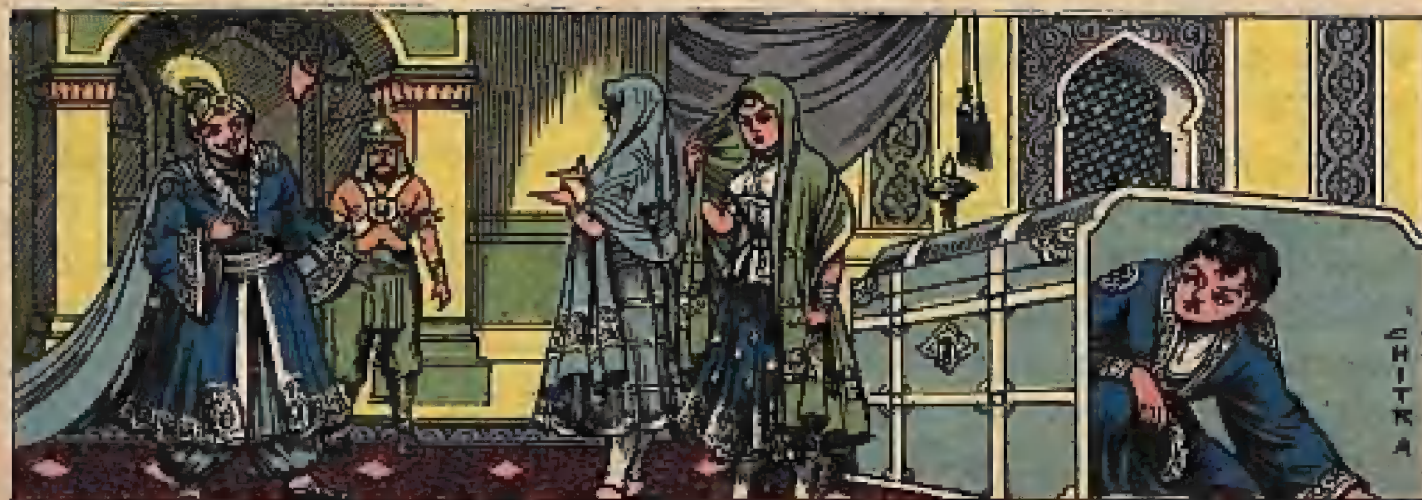
entered the apartment and seeing the two sisters together said, "Good. I see both of you are here, Modi, I have not heard you sing for sometime, Come, sing a song."

Modi began to sing a song of love because her heart was full. Her song was so exquisite

that the Caliph was overjoyed and grandly announced that he would grant her any boon, she asked. Modi bowed low before him and said she did not need anything, as to serve him was her pleasure. However, the Caliph pressed her so, that finally she said, "Oh! my Lord, free me from my bondage and let everything in this room belong to me truly."

The Caliph granted her request and the next day everything in that room was sent to my house, including the chest in which I was locked. Then I married Modi and the dress you saw has remained with me ever since." Thus Ibn Ahmed ended his tale.

Muthsitbilla was overjoyed at Ibn Ahmed's account and embraced him warmly. From that day on, Ibn Ahmed enjoyed the close confidence of the mighty Caliph.





A Fistful of Gold

Vinayak lived in a small town. As his parents had died rather young, his grandmother brought him up. He was not a bright lad at all. In fact, he was quite foolish but never seemed to realize it. But he was round and tubby and on account of his enormous size, everyone called him Fatty Vinayak.

Grandma wanted Fatty to take up a job. So one day she called him to her side and said, "Look here, Vinayak. I want you to work for a living. When you do get a job, work at it quietly. Be satisfied with whatever wages you get. You will be known as a good lad. Then you'll get a fistful of money."

So Fatty went round looking for a suitable job. On the road, one day, he met a traveller and promptly accosted him.

"Sir," Fatty addressed him, "Could you give me a job? I'll work silently. Give me a fistful of money. I ask for nothing more." The traveller realized that he was dealing with a rank idiot. So he said, "Do you see that lizard there? She'll give you a job. Fatty looked at the lizard which was jerking its scaly head this way and that. Thereupon the traveller said, "Go on boy. Don't you see the lizard is beckoning to you." Eagerly, Fatty ran towards the lizard but the latter with one bound slithered into a hole behind

some bushes. Then the fat boy thought, "Ah! so you have gone home. But how can I follow you? I'll have to make the hole bigger if I want to enter."

Then he went home and took out his spade and poker. Armed with these he came back and began to dig. After several hours of such digging, Fatty Vinayak's spade struck some object with a metallic clang. He reached into the hole and brought out a rusty iron box. When he prized the lid open he saw the box was full of gold pieces. Then he remembered his grandma's words "Fistful of money, she said. "Good,

I'll have two fistfuls of gold pieces." He took several pieces of gold and put the box back in the hole. When grandma saw Fatty's grubby fingers clutching gold pieces, she became excited and asked him where he had got them. So Fatty related his adventure with the lizard and how he had dug a hole. After hearing this grandma hurried to the spot and brought home the iron box which was heavy with the gold pieces. Then she turned to Fatty and asked him to keep quiet about their find. Fatty, his round eyes opening wider nodded his head like a Tanjore doll.



"All I said was 'walkies!'"



Robin Hood had been caught by the Sheriff of Nottingham and was about to be executed, when his men led by Friar Tuck and Little John, came to his rescue. Robin Hood and his men routed the Norman soldiers and managed to get back to their camp in Sherwood Forest.

The Norman baron known as Robert the Wolf was seething with rage and blamed the sheriff for the escape of their prisoner. "It is all your fault," he shouted at the Sheriff. "It was easy for those Saxon dogs to fool you."



"You will drive the outlaws out of the forest, and I will help you," he roared at the Sheriff. "What help will you give me?" asked the Sheriff. "I will send some of my best soldiers to help you," replied the Baron. "But, I warn you, if you fail you will no longer be the Sheriff."



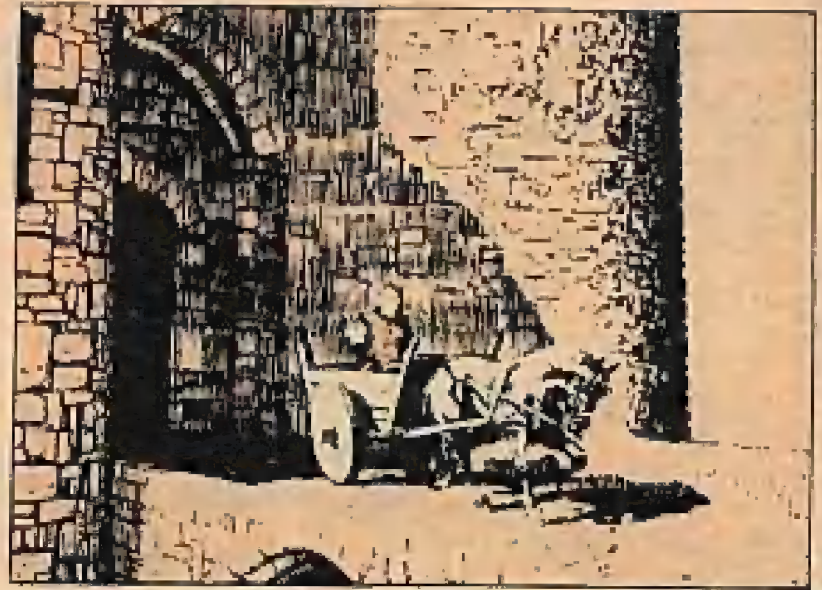
Robert the Wolf wanted to win much wealth and honour for himself by helping Prince John, the king's brother, to seize the throne of England. King Richard was abroad, so the Norman Baron thought there was no one who could stop him.

Robin Hood, however, had defied him and spoilt all his plans. Something had to be done about it. "I have to go to London", the Baron told the Sheriff. "Send my soldiers to capture Robin Hood and make sure of it this time."

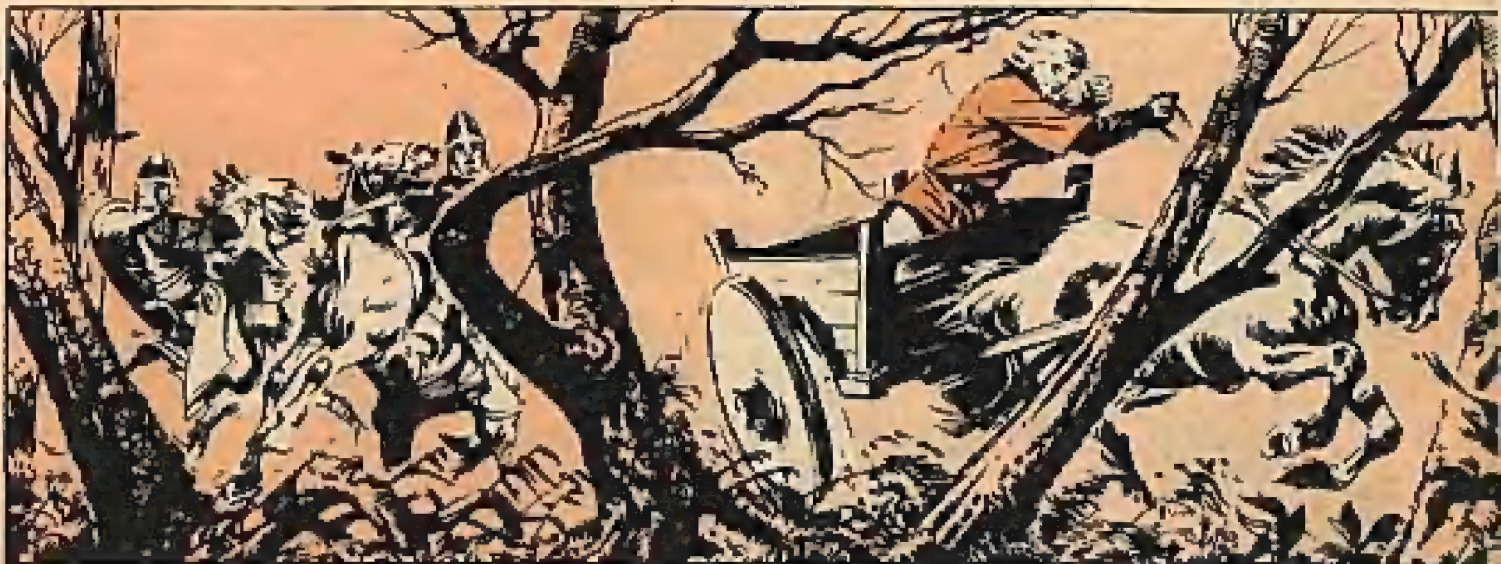


Not all the servants in Nottingham castle were Normans. Some of them were Saxons and one overheard what Robert the Wolf said to the Sheriff. He realised, in a flash, that Robin Hood had to be warned of this coming danger.

"I must get word to Robin, somehow," the servant thought to himself. The next day he quietly rode in a horse and cart out of Nottingham Castle. Nobody took any notice of him. Everybody thought he had simply gone to market.



The servant thought he was safe once he got near to the forest. But he was wrong! Two Norman knights who were watching the roads to the forest, saw him. "Hey, you. Stop!" they shouted. The Saxon servant whipped up his horse and drove away as fast as he could.





The knights yelled with rage as they chased after him, and all the time the Saxon was thinking, "I must find Robin Hood whatever happens!". The horse and cart was no match for the Normans horses, and it could only be a matter of time before the servant was caught. Will Scarlet, was on sentry duty in a tree-top at the time.

When he saw the man in the cart being chased by Normans he knew something was amiss! But first, he watched closely to make sure that this was not some Norman trick to lure Robin Hood into the open.



Will Scarlet waited until he was sure that there was only two Normans to deal with. Quickly, he dropped to the ground raising the alarm with loud shouts for help. Many of Robin Hood's men answered his call and came running through the forest.

Meanwhile, the brave Saxon in his horse and cart drove faster and faster into the heart of the forest, with the two knights getting closer and closer. "I will never reach Robin," he thought to himself. "I will never do it."



Will Scarlet had posted all his archers in the right places. "Now," he ordered. "Out you go, into the open. Don't shoot until I tell you". As soon as the Saxon driving the horse and cart got close, Will Scarlet gave the order to shoot.





In spite of their heavy shields and armour, the Norman knights dare not stay to fight Will Scarlet's archers. They turned their horses and rode away as fast as they could go. The Saxon servant reined in his tired horse.

"Thank you for saving me," said the Saxon. "You must be Robin's men." "We are," chuckled Will Scarlet. "But who are you?" "I am only a servant in Nottingham Castle, but I have important news for Robin Hood."



It was not long before the Saxon was telling his story to Robin Hood. "I have come to warn you that I overheard Robert the Wolf telling the Sheriff, that he would send his best soldiers to help drive you all out of the forest." "Thank you," replied Robin. "You will be rewarded for your courage and help."

ANOTHER EXCITING EPISODE IN NEXT ISSUE

THE STORY OF THE COVER



WE THREE KINGS

"We three kings of Orient are; bearing gifts we traverse afar."

These words from an old Christmas song help to set the scene for the magic of the birth of Jesus. Caspar, Melchior, and Balthasar were the names of the Three Wise Men from the East, bringing gifts of gold, frankincense and myrrh for the Infant Jesus, born in a manger at Bethlehem. They had followed a star which came to rest over the place where Jesus lay. The gold signified that He would be a king and the incense to show that He was a Son of God, and to be worshipped. Myrrh was a symbol of the suffering He would have to bear during His lifetime. Nevertheless, His birth was an occasion of joy.



THE BALD PARROT

In a certain city there lived an oil seller who had a lovely talkative parrot. The bird lived in a big cage which hung in a corner of the shop.

One day, the oil seller and his assistant went out on business and the parrot was alone. At that moment, in walked a tomcat. The bird fluttered round in fear and beat its wings frantically. The cage began to rock madly and finally crashed on the jars of oil, upsetting a couple of them.

The oil seller returned and saw to his dismay the spilled oil on all sides. He

realised that it was the work of the parrot. In a fit of anger, he grabbed the parrot and plucked off all its fine feathers. The talkative bird now bald all over, felt ashamed and refused to talk anymore.

A few days later, a bald man entered the shop. The parrot on seeing him, screeched out loud and hopped round on one leg.

The amazed oil seller said, "What is the matter, why do you laugh so?"

The parrot replied, "This man's master must also be an oil seller, else why should he also be bald?"



MAHABHARATA

The story so far :

The Pandava princes having endured twelve years exile in the forests, now have to spend one year in complete concealment. The princes decided to disguise themselves and obtain employment at the court of Virata, king of Matsya.

This venture is quite successful until Kichaka, brother-in-law of the king, and commander-in-chief of the army, decides he wants to marry Draupadi. He gives the unhappy Draupadi no peace, and in her fear she at last turns to Bhima, who lays a trap for Kichaka and kills him in a brutal fight.

Meanwhile at Hastinapura, Duryodhana sends out spies to try and discover the whereabouts of the Pandavas, and vows that they shall never regain their rightful inheritance. The wise Bhishma and Kripa view the future with the foreboding that a terrible war will ensue.

Bhishma and Kripacharya tried to restrain Duryodhana from his dangerous course. Then Susarma, the King of Trikartha said, "Oh! King, many a time the King of Matsya has invaded my domain and laid it waste. But now his



King Virata prepares for war

general Kichaka has been killed by divine spirits, and so his defences are down. Let us invade his land and plunder his wealth."

Karna eager to give battle supported the speaker. Duryodhana ordered Duhsasana to get the armies ready. Then he said, "Let Susarma attack the capital of Matsya and rustle all the cattle there. I shall fall

upon the city from the rear and capture it."

In the meanwhile, King Virata was downcast at the death of Kichaka, his brother-in-law, the general of the Imperial Army. He felt lost without the strong right arm of his late general.

Just then, Susarma attacked the city and drove off all the cattle. The panicstricken shepherds and cowherds ran to the King and implored him to save their cattle from the rustlers. The King gathered his army and advanced to meet the enemy. Yudhishtira and Bhima accompanied him. In the ensuing battle the King was captured and his army scattered to the four corners. Then Yudhishtira ordered Bhima to go and rescue the King from the clutches of Susarma.

The mighty Pandava colossus now fell upon Susarma's army like a thunderbolt and after a fierce battle utterly destroyed it. Susarma was captured in his turn and the King was rescued. Susarma was later freed by Yudhishtira. Virata had hardly gone back to his capital when courtiers brought the alarming news of Duryodhana's lightning attack from





the rear. This time the panic-stricken people appealed to Uttara, the crown prince to repulse the invaders.

Uttara was a wastrel who spent his time in the ladies' boudoirs. When he was informed of the calamity that had overtaken his capital, rather loftily he declared "If only I had an able charioteer, I would devastate Duryodhana's armies."

When Arjuna, masquerading as a woman, heard this piece of boasting, he looked at Draupadi pointedly. Promptly Draupadi turned to Uttara and said, "We have one right here. This Brahannala was once a charioteer to the famed Pandava

archer. Take her with you." Then she pointed at Arjuna.

Uttara laughed at these words and asked scornfully, "What, take this female."

Then Arjuna said, "Oh! Prince, I can drive a chariot well. Let us go and teach that Duryodhana a good lesson and bring back our cows."

Then the ladies of the royal chamber said in a chorus, "That would be fine. Bring us the beautiful dresses of the Kauravas and we'll decorate our dolls nicely."

Uttara, coward that he was, had no other option but to go to the battle-field. With Arjuna driving his chariot, he reached the field. There the sight of the vast army of the Kauravas unnerved him totally and jumping from the chariot began to run away as fast his legs could carry him. But Arjuna caught hold of him and said, "Don't be afraid. You drive the chariot. I'll fight. But first I need my bow and arrows. Drive towards that tree and in the hollow of the trunk, You'll see my weapons."

Then Arjuna himself drove the chariot, towards the tree and recovered his weapons from the hollow trunk. It was here

that the Pandavas had secreted their weapons at the start of their exile.

Uttara was astonished to see a magnificent bow and a quiver full of pointed arrows hidden behind a skeleton.

Then Arjuna raised the bow and strummed the single cord. A mighty sound arose in the air and shivered through the ranks of the Kauravas. Uttara shook like an aspen leaf. Arjuna smiled at his fear and said, "Don't be afraid. I am Arjuna. The man you knew as Gangapatta is my eldest brother, Yudhishtira. Vallabha, the royal chef is really Bhima. Nakula grooms the horses and Sahadev is the shepherd. The maid Shairandhri is actually Draupadi. We, Pandavas have just ended our period of exile in your land." At these words a chastened Uttara bowed low before Arjuna and in a tremulous voice said, "Oh! mighty Pandava, forgive me if I have been disrespectful towards you. I shall now drive the chariot for you." Then he drove the chariot towards the Kauravas.

The Kauravas had been alerted by the sound of Arjuna's bow. So Drona turned to-



Prince Uttara tries to flee

towards Duryodhana and said, "Here comes Arjuna!"

Duryodhana rubbed his hands gleefully and said, "Now that Arjuna has been sighted even before the end of his exile, the Pandavas will have to go back to the forest."

Drona laughed at his folly and said, "Do you take Arjuna for a fool! He has revealed himself because his period of exile is over. Calculate for yourself

and you will see that I am right. If you have any doubts, go and ask Bhishma."

Then with a heavy heart, Duryodhana went across to Bhishma and sought confirmation of Drona's words. Bhishma said, "True. The prescribed period of exile for the Pandavas is over. Every fifth year adds two months more to the calendar. According to this calculation, the Pandavas have duly completed their

Uttara finds the Pandava weapons



period of exile and a few more days have elapsed after that. No wonder they have come out of their hiding so boldly."

Duryodhana was turned to stone at these words. Bhishma noticing this continued drily, "Now you must fight Arjuna. Then the Pandavas will demand the return of the Kingdom to them. You will have to give the land back to them. If you refuse, war will follow. Think well before you decide."

His face darkening with anger, Duryodhana exclaimed, "Give the Kingdom back to them. Never! Let them fight and conquer me. I am ready for war."

Bhishma replied, "Good. Go back to Hastinapura with part of the army. If you stay here, Arjuna is sure to capture you. Take a part of the rustled cows also with you. Drona, Kripa and myself will defend our position here."

Bhishma's advice sounded sensible to Duryodhana. So promptly, he split his army and with a small force began to retreat towards Hastinapura. Bhishma reformed the army and awaited Arjuna's advance. But that redoubtable archer had seen Duryodhana slinking away

from the battlefield and turning to Uttara said, "It's no use fighting this army, Duryodhana is running away. We must prevent that."

Uttara, enthusiastically said, "Fine. I'll drive this chariot fast and block Duryodhana's road. Then you can easily capture him." Then he began to drive his chariot.

Bhishma expected Arjuna to come and fight the Kaurava army, but he saw to his surprise the latter's chariot speeding away.

Then Kripacharya said, "Aha! Arjuna has seen through our trick. Now he is driving towards Duryodhana to block his escape route. We must follow him and help Duryodhana."

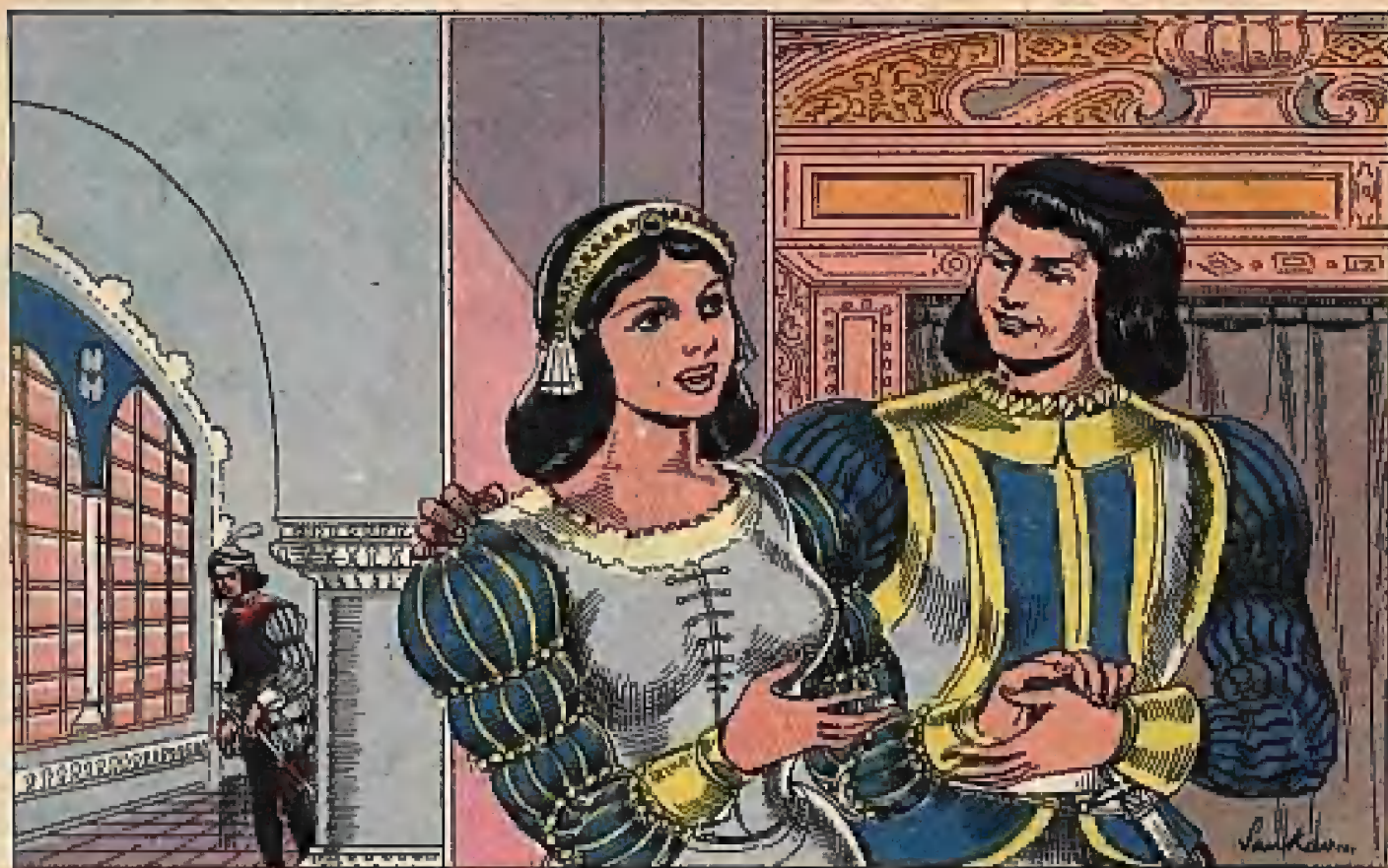
Bhishma nodded in agreement and the whole army was ordered to pursue Arjuna.



Thus the plan to cover Duryodhana's escape came to nought.

Bhishma knew that in single combat Duryodhana was no match for Arjuna. The latter would very easily defeat him. So Bhishma turned his chariot round and began to speed after Arjuna.





A TRUE FRIEND

Long ago in France, there were two wealthy aristocrats who were good friends. Each had a son, born on the same day. Though the children were not related yet they resembled each other to a striking degree. They looked alike as peas in a pod.

One boy was called Amiens and the other Adis. They grew up together and became as friendly as their fathers. When they reached manhood, they went to the King and requested

him to give them suitable jobs in the Palace. The King finding the youths worthy appointed them to his court.

After some time Amiens married a pretty girl. Alas! she cared more for his wealth than for him.

Adis remained a bachelor because secretly he was in love with the King's daughter. He determined that he would either marry the princess or remain a bachelor for the rest of his life.

Amiens knew about his

friend's resolve. But what could he do to bring about this impossible union?

One day Amiens had to go to his father-in-law's house. Then he called Adis aside and said, "Adis, mon ami, I shall be gone only for a short while. Take care that your love for the Princess does not land you in hot water."

Adis reassured him that he would do nothing dangerous.

The Princess also loved Adis. In Amiens's absence she met Adis and declared her love for him. Adis was overcome with joy at knowing that his love was being returned. After this the Amiens tells Adis to go into hiding

lovers often met in secret.

But some jealous courtier spied on them and reported the matter to the King. The latter ordered that Adis be brought before him and questioned him about the charges levelled against him. Poor Adis did not expect this thunderbolt. Then, picking up courage he declared that the whole thing was a fabrication. There was no truth in it. Whereupon the King exclaimed angrily, "Are you telling me that this loyal courtier is a liar? Then he pointed to the courtier standing close by. The Courtier retorted, "Sire, to prove that my



words are no lie, I am willing to fight a duel with this upstart. God will aid me in this struggle for the truth."

So a day was fixed for the duel.

Then Adis ran to Amiens and related all that had happened. Pitifully he exclaimed, "Oh! Ameins, although I lied to the King, God will punish me, for you know I am no swordsman."

Amiens thought for a while, then said, "Adis, mon ami, leave this matter to me. I shall take your place in the duel. No one will know the difference. But remain in hiding for some time."

Adis agreed and left the place. On the appointed day Amiens fought the duel with the courtier and killed him. So everyone believed that Adis was telling the truth. The King was ashamed that he had suspected the honour of such a fine youth. So he called Amiens and said, "Adis, now I know you are blameless. But the rumour that you and the Princess are in love has spread all over the land. You realize how that affects the royal prestige. Therefore, I am willing to give you my daughter in marriage.



Adis marries the princess

I shall be proud to have a great swordsman like you for a son-in-law."

Amiens nodded his head in solemn agreement. Then he sent for Adis and told him how matters stood. Adis was overjoyed to hear this and thanked his friend profusely. A few days later, the wedding of Adis and the Princess took place with great pomp and splendour.

In course of time, both Adis and Amiens became proud fathers of bonnie children. But dame fortune now deserted Amiens. One day to his horror, he discovered that he was turning into a leper.



Amiens sees a holy vision

Amiens's wife, who had never really cared for him was now filled with a lot of loathing and she arranged a small hut in which her hapless husband was forced to live. He was totally neglected by everyone.

Amiens implored his wife to take pity on him. But haughtily she retorted that only when he was dead would she be really satisfied.

Desperate now, Amiens called his servants and said, "Put me in a cot and carry me down the street. Maybe, someone will show me the mercy that my wife denies me."

So the servants put him on

a cot and shouldered it down the streets. They were passing Adis's mansion when the farmer seeing the pitiful state Amiens was in, quickly had the cot brought in. Amiens was now installed in Adis's house and was well looked after by his friend.

One day Amiens had a strange dream. An angel appeared before him and spoke thus, "Amiens, there is only one way in which you can be cured. If you bathe in the blood of your friend's children, then you will be well again."

Amiens cried out, "No, No, It can't, be," and the vision

vanished. Adis heard him and gently enquired the cause of his shout. Amiens was reluctant to speak about the vision, but Adis pressed him so much, that at last he blurted out the dreadful import of the vision. Adis heard him gravely, and after comforting his weeping friend departed.

Then he woke his wife up, and sent her to the church of Notre Dame to pray for the well-being of Amiens. As soon as she had gone, Adis arose and with a sword killed his children. Then taking the blood in a vessel, he anointed his friend's body all over and lo! Amiens was restored to his previous health. He was no longer a leper. Thus the vision proved true.

Then Adis said, "My friend, let's go to the church and offer thanks-givings to the Lord for this miracle."

So dressed in all finery, Adis and Amiens went to the church to pray.

When they returned home, Adis's wife, who had just then arrived from the church wanted to know how the miracle of healing had been achieved. Adis frankly confessed what he had done. His wife swooned

away in grief over the death of their children. Then lamenting loudly, she went into Adis's room to look at the dead bodies of her dear ones. But lo and behold! her children were far from being dead. They were sitting on the bed and playing merrily. But around each neck, there was a red welt.

Amiens and Adis realized that God's mercy was bountiful. An incurable disease had been cured. The dead children had been restored to life. Truly, God looks after his own. But above all, Adis and Amiens demonstrated the worth of true friendship which when tested remained as pure and steadfast as the northern star.



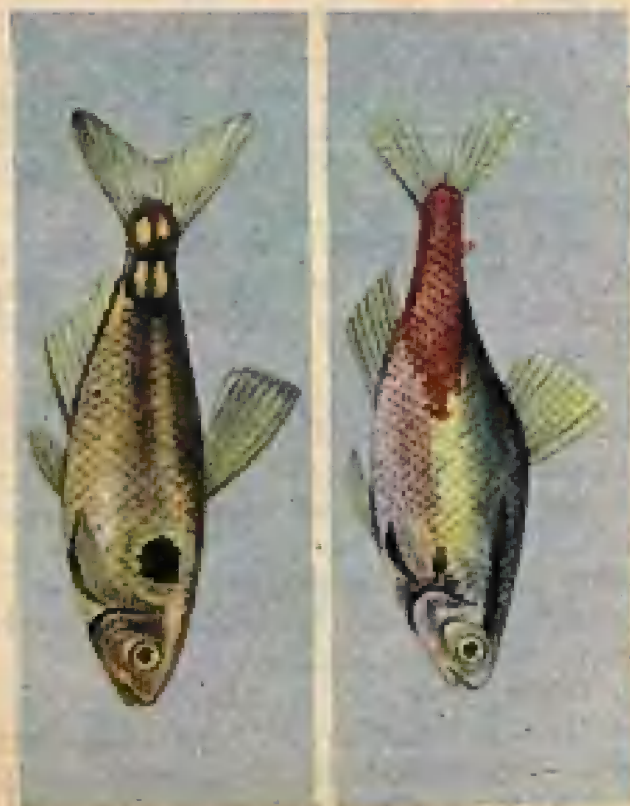
GEOGRAPHY
RHINE



GEOGRAPHY
RHINE



NATURE
TETRAS



NATURE
GOLDFISH



GEOGRAPHY

RHINE

THE Rhine actually passes through three countries. These are Switzerland, Germany and the Netherlands. The longest part of its course is in Germany. It varies considerably in width. At Basel, it is 220 yards wide, at Mainz, it is 630 yards wide, at Cologne, it is 570 yards wide and at Wesel, it is 1,060 yards wide.

It is perhaps most attractive between Bingen and Cologne. Along its banks here are beautiful castles, delightful towns and villages and vine-covered slopes.

The picture on the other side of this index card shows Pfalz castle. This stands on a rock, in the middle of the Rhine. It is near Kaub, a town situated to the north-west of Bingen and not far from Oberwesel, the centre of the vine-growing industry.

NATURE

GOLDFISH

GOLDFISH are coldwater fish and are kept in coldwater aquariums or in garden ponds. Unlike tropical fish, they do not need a heater in the tank as the temperature required for tropical fish is much too hot for coldwater fish.

Nowadays, there are many varieties of goldfish which have been acquired by careful selective breeding over the years.

A very popular variety of goldfish is the comet. This fish has a body which is quite long and thin and it has a caudal fin (or tail) which is about the same length as the rest of the body.

The fish in the picture on the other side of this index card is known as a canary comet

GEOGRAPHY

RHINE

THE Rhine is one of the most important of all the European rivers. It rises from two head streams in Switzerland (streams at the source) and these are the Hinter Rhein and the Vorder Rhein. The main head stream, the Hinter Rhein, comes from the Rhein-waldhorn glacier (see picture on the other side of this index card) and the other head stream, the Vorder Rhein, comes from the Toma lake.

The two head streams join at Reichenau to form the main stream.

Shortly before it reaches the sea, the Rhine splits into a number of branches. The largest of these flows into the North Sea at Overflakkee.

The Rhine has been a famous trade route since Roman times and, at one time, Pfalz castle was used as a toll-gate. Tolls, however, were abolished in 1803.

NATURE

TETRAS

TETRAS are tropical fish belonging to the *Characidae* family. They are found mainly in South America although a few are found in Africa. A great many of them are popular tropical aquarium fish.

The picture on the other side of this index card shows, left, a head and tail light tetra and, right, a neon tetra.

The neon tetra is one of the most brilliantly-coloured of all tropical aquarium fish. Like most tetras, it is not very big even when fully grown but it is fairly hardy. The sexes are very alike in appearance and, as a result, it is very difficult to tell the male from the female.

When kept in a fish tank, neon tetras like places in which to hide and the temperature should be at least 75 degrees F.



**Boeing 747 Jumbo Jet (1969)
370 passengers.**

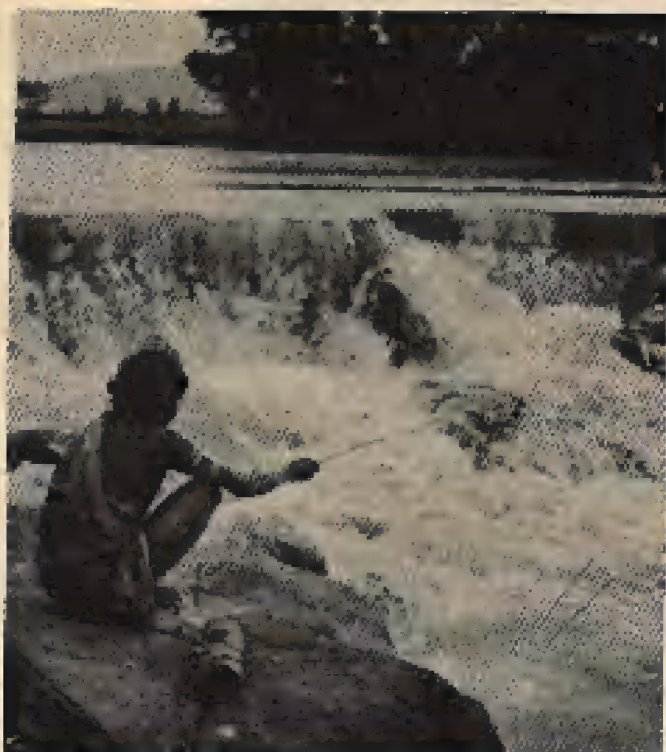
CHANGING SHAPES IN THE SKY



**BAC Concorde
Supersonic
Transport.**

PHOTO CAPTION CONTEST

Here is your opportunity to win a cash prize!
Winning captions will be announced in the February issue



- ★ These two photographs are somewhat related. Can you think of suitable captions? Could be single words, or several words, but the two captions must be related to each other.
- ★ Prize of Rs. 20 will be awarded for the best double caption. Remember, entries must be received by the 31st December.
- ★ Your entry should be written on a postcard, giving your full name and address, together with age and sent to:

Photo Caption Contest,
Chandamama Magazine,
Madras-26.

Result of Photo Caption Contest in October Issue

The prize is awarded to

Miss M. D. Richi,

Champion Reefs P. O.,

K. G. F. 3, Mysore State.

Winning entry—'Bridal Preparation'—'Jewelled Decoration'



THE STRAW CAPE

Once, in a little village in the far North of Japan, there lived a boy who delighted in playing tricks. Sometimes they made people angry, but as he grew older, the middle-aged people found his practical jokes and stories entertaining after a hard day's work in the rice fields and the old people liked to

hear the sound of his gay laughter. At times, the other children would join happily in some prank he had thought up and after a time he became quite conceited with all the attention he received.

His widowed mother tried to bring him up to be kind and courteous to his elders, as all

good Japanese children should be, but sometimes he forgot and at times his pranks were rather unkind.

One thing his mother always told him. "If you meet a tengu," she said, "be sure you are polite and courteous to him. Never be rude to him and never try to play tricks on him, for he will always have his revenge."

A tengu is a goblin with a very long nose. He wears a straw cape tied around his neck, a black hat tied under his chin and he is known to be a great mischief maker. Tengus are very inquisitive and they hate being teased.

One day, as the boy was sitting under a tree, he saw a tengu come along the road towards him. In his hand the boy had a piece of bamboo and he had been trying to decide how he could make it into a flute: As the tengu approached he had an idea. He thought he would play a trick on the tengu and he put the piece of bamboo up to his eye and gazed up at the sky.

The tengu stopped in front of him, full of curiosity and asked why he was gazing at the sky through a piece of

bamboo. The boy jumped to his feet and bowed to the tengu.

"Tell me, what can you see through your stick?" asked the tengu. "Can you see behind the fluffy white clouds?"

The boy put the stick to his eye again and answered not a word.

"Can you see the stars, in the daylight, or the cranes flying South, or the fairy creatures flying past?" asked the tengu, fairly dancing with curiosity, but the boy only went on making noises of wonder and pleasure.

Finally the tengu begged the boy to let him look, too, but the boy refused. "Aha, tengu," he said, "with my bamboo I can see such wonders as you have never seen."

Then the tengu began to bribe the lad. First he offered him his black hat, but the lad refused. Then he offered his fine clogs, but the boy replied that he had some of his own. Then he offered his fine cape, made of straw.

The boy was tempted by this, for the cape was waterproof and he thought how useful it would be. "In return for your cape," he said. "I will give you my bamboo stick."



"Tell me, what can you see through your stick?" asked the tengu.

The tengu took off his cape and the boy handed over his bamboo stick. He put on the tengu's cape and ran away, back to the village, but as he looked back he could see the tengu in the middle of the road, shaking the bamboo stick at him in rage, for it was not even hollow and he had not been able to see a thing through it.

The boy ran all the way along the village street to tell his mother of his adventure and how he had tricked even a tengu. He found his mother

sitting in the living room, on a straw mat, mending his best clothes. "Mother," he called, "See the fine waterproof cape which I won from a tengu with my cunning."

His mother never looked up, so the boy called out again, but his mother continued to go on with her sewing. Then he looked down at himself and to his surprise, his hands and feet had vanished. He realized that with the cape on he was quite invisible. No one could see him.

Now the boy had a fine time, playing all sorts of tricks on the villagers. He tweaked the ears of the old men, he upset the baskets of the women who had been shopping, he seized an empty rickshaw, a cart in which passengers rode, and ran from one end of the street to the other with it and he even overturned a rickshaw with a passenger in it, so that the poor rickshaw man, who pulled it along, had a fine telling off. People began to think the village was haunted.

At last he tired and went home. He hung his cape on the porch and became visible again. After he had eaten his evening meal of rice, he went to bed. His mother shut up the house for the night and as she did so, she found the cape. It looked so old and dirty that she threw it in the yard and set fire to it.

Next morning, the boy could not find his straw cape anywhere and his mother told him she had burnt it. The boy went outside and gathered the burnt ashes into a bucket and

his delight he found that if he smeared the ashes over himself, he became invisible again. That day, the pranks started again.

By lunch time, the boy was hungry, so he went to the village inn and began to take food from the men's plates. Then he was thirsty and all he could see was a cup of strong wine. He picked it up and began to drink.

The wine was so strong that it made his eyes water and the tears trickled down his cheeks. The puzzled men, who were trying to find out where their food was going, saw two cheeks appear in front of them. Then the boy wiped his hand across his mouth and more of his face appeared, for he had brushed away the ash. All the men crowded around and the boy began to feel frightened. He began to cry and more and more of his face appeared as his tears washed away the ash, until everyone knew who it was.

The boy fled away from the inn, but all the men chased

**TELL YOUR FRIENDS ABOUT
ENGLISH CHANDAMAMA**

him down the village street, with sticks in their hands, determined to punish him for the tricks he had played on them. They could see only his hands and face, until he came to the river and he was so frightened that he plunged straight in. The water washed all the magic ash from his body and the villagers could see him swimming to the other side. They ran over the bridge and caught him, but he was so wet and cold that they took pity on him and sent him home instead of punishing him for his unkind tricks.

"Remember what I told you," said his mother, as she dried his wet clothes. "Never play tricks on a tengu. You always regret it in the end."

The boy was feeling so ashamed that he decided in future he would never play any unkind jokes on anyone at all.



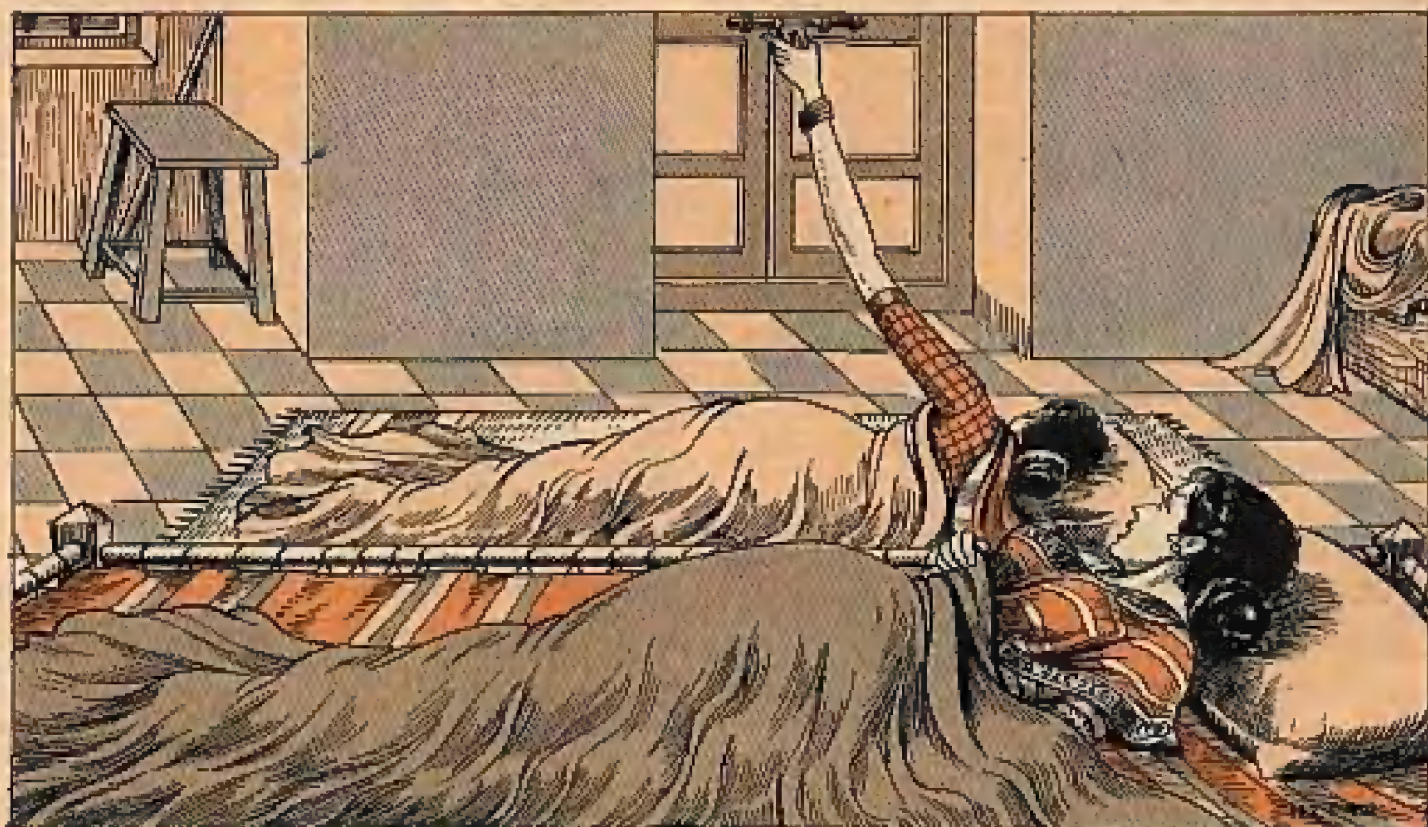
WOMAN OR FIEND?



In a certain city, there lived a bangle seller, called Nagesh. Every morning he would take his bangles and go round selling them to the women of the city. As he never came home before sunset, he carried his lunch in a neat bundle. In the afternoon he would rest under the shade of a big tree and eat his lunch.

One day, he stopped under the comforting shade of a big Sal tree, and began to eat his lunch. When he had finished, he threw the balance aside, and went home. Now there lived a fiend close by and soon it

came to the tree under which Nagesh had eaten. It saw the remaining food still lying in the paper packet. Impelled by curiosity, it picked up the packet and sniffed at it. Ah! What a delightful flavour there was in that food. Nagesh's wife Vimala was an excellent cook and she had made some delicious fruit cakes for her husband. Now the fiend was not used to delicacies cooked by the human hand. It was accustomed to the tough flesh of sheep and cattle. But this was something absolutely different. The fiend became excited at this



new find. "Hence forth, I must eat only fruit cakes," chortled the fiend to itself. I'll go to the house of this man and live there. Then, I'll get lots of nice and tasty fruit cakes.

Next day Nagesh was surprised to see a weeping woman under the Sal tree. He went near her and said, "Mother, what is the matter? Why do you cry?"

The woman replied, "Sir, my husband had deserted me. I have no where to go. I have not eaten a morsel of food these few days."

Nagesh was moved by pity at these words. So he said,

"Don't worry. Come to my house. You can live there as my wife's attendant. I'll give you lots to eat, but I can't pay you any wages."

The woman replied, "Oh! Thank you ever so much, kind Sir. I'll carry out all the tasks given to me. But if you ask me to do something which is beyond me, I shall leave you."

Nagesh took her to his home and introduced her to his wife. Vimala looked at the visitor and said, "Sister, what is your name?"

The woman replied, "People call me Bhootham." Now Vimala was a little taken

aback at this name, but did not say anything. She knew that modern people had all kind of crazy names.

From that day on Bhootham began to live in their house and do their bidding. She proved to be very good in her work, and always finished everything in double quick time.

One night, Nagesh hadn't returned home. It was late in the night and so Vimala prepared to sleep. Bhootham always slept by her side. This night also, she lay down beside Vimala.

Nagesh returned late in the night and banged on the door. Sleepy Vimala ordered Bhootham to open the door. Bhootham did not get up but elongated one hand and opened the door. At this sight Vimala's sleepiness vanished and the fear of the devil got into her heart.

Next morning she confided her fears in her husband. At first Nagesh pooh-poohed her story. But she insisted that he should get rid of Bhootham. Then Nagesh remembered what the woman had said earlier on. If she was given work beyond her capacity, she would leave. So he called Bhootham and asked her to construct a high wall all round the house. He thought this a task beyond the abilities of Bhootham. Little did he know that he was dealing with a fiend.

When he returned home that evening the wall was built and ready. There were even trees bordering the wall. Then Nagesh realised that Bhootham was indeed a frightening fiend. He thought feverishly about ways and means to get rid of the fiend.



LONG, STOUT AND SHARPEYES

Once upon a time, there lived a king who had only one son. One day, the king said to his son, "My boy, it is my greatest wish to see you happily married before I die. Take this golden key and climb to the top of the very highest tower in the castle. There you will find a tiny room. Unlock the door and look carefully at what you see."

The prince did as his father had told him. There were twelve windows in the room and in each window there was a portrait of a beautiful girl. The twelfth window was covered by a heavy velvet curtain and as he pulled it aside he saw the portrait of a beautiful girl dressed in a white robe and wearing a crown of pearls. She looked very beautiful and sad and the prince fell in love with her at once. He returned to his father and told him that he would marry no one else.

"I was afraid you would say that," said the king, shaking his head sadly. "You see, that girl is a princess and she is the *prisoner of a wicked wizard* who keeps her locked up in his castle. Many princes have tried to rescue her but they have never been seen again."

The young prince saddled his horse and rode off at once in search of the castle. Soon, he wandered into a dark forest and was completely lost.

Suddenly, he heard a voice calling and turning round, the prince saw the tallest, thinnest man he had ever seen.

"Take me with you. You will never regret it, for my name is Long and I live up to it," he said. "Wait here and I will fetch you that bird's nest." He pointed to the tallest tree in the forest, stretched up until he was as tall as the tree and lifted out the bird's nest. Then he shrank

back to his normal size.

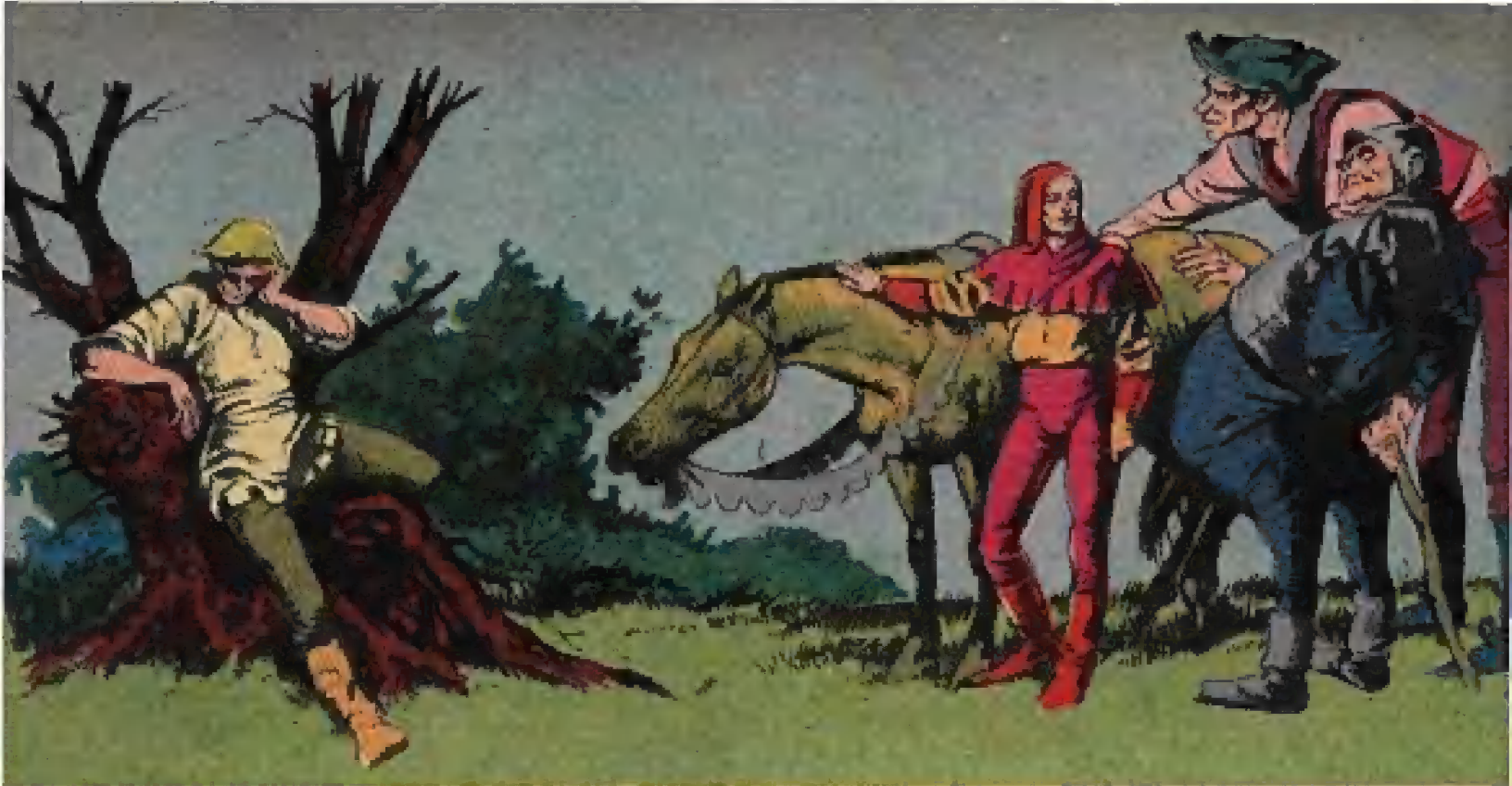
The prince was delighted and amazed and he asked Long if he would show him the way out of the forest. Long stretched up until he could see over the tops of the trees and quickly found the way out. They left the forest behind and as they travelled over a wide plain, a large, fat and very round man came towards them. "This," said Long, "is my friend Stout. Take him into your service, too."

"I will be very useful to you," said Stout, "for I can make myself as fat as I wish." He drew in his breath and grew fatter and fatter and fatter until he almost filled the open plain.

All three continued on their journey and before long they met a man with two dark patches, like pirates wear, one over each eye. "This is our friend Sharpeyes," said Long and Stout together. "He has such sharp eyes that he has to wear patches over them and if he takes them off and stares hard at anything it either catches fire or crumbles to dust. He can see many miles." Sharpeyes, too, joined the prince and his companions.

It would have taken many





**"This is our friend, Sharpeyes,"
said Long and Stout together.**

days to reach the castle had it not been for Long, who lifted his three friends up and strode up to the castle in three quick strides. Inside, were many stone statues of princes dressed in fine clothes.

In one room there was a table laid for four people, so the friends sat down to eat. Then, with a sudden flash and a puff of blue smoke, the wizard and the princess appeared before them. "I know why you have come to my castle," said the wizard. "The princess is yours, if for three nights you can guard her in this room. If she is not there when I return at daybreak, you shall all be

turned to stone." Then in another puff of smoke he disappeared.

The four friends settled down to guard the princess. Stout puffed himself up until he covered the door. Long stretched his body right the way round the room and Sharpeyes gazed through his patches at the princess, but they could not keep awake and soon they had dropped into a deep sleep.

When the prince awoke it was nearly dawn and to his horror he saw that the princess had vanished. He woke his three friends. "I can see her," said Sharpeyes, staring through the window, "but she is a

hundred miles away. She is in the middle of a forest. She has been changed into an acorn and is on the very top of the tallest oak tree."

In a few strides, Long had reached the forest. He stretched up until he could pluck the acorn from the top of the tree, then he returned and handed the acorn to the prince just as the door opened and the wizard entered. The prince threw the acorn to the floor. Immediately, the princess stood in its place and the angry wizard stormed out of the room.

As the second night fell the four friends took up their positions again, but

again they all fell asleep. It was nearly dawn when the prince awoke and the princess had disappeared. He woke his friends and again Sharpeyes found the princess. "This time she is a jewel, buried in a rock, two hundred miles away," he said.

Long quickly carried Sharpeyes there. He had only to look at the rock and it began to crumble so that they were able to pick out the jewel. They gave it to the prince who just had time to throw the jewel to the floor as the wizard walked in through the door. There stood the princess.

The third night the same



There was a sudden flash and the wizard
and the princess appeared before them.

thing happened and in the morning, Sharpeyes gazed out of the window. "The princess is very far away this time," he said. "Three hundred miles from here is a deep black sea. Right at the bottom is a shell and inside the shell is a gold ring. That is the princess."

With Stout under one arm and Sharpeyes under the other, Long strode off to the distant sea, but although he stretched his arm as far as he could, he still could not reach the shell on the sea bed. Then, blowing and puffing, Stout blew himself up as far as he could go without bursting and in one enormous gulp, he drank so much of the sea that Long could reach down, pick up the shell and take out the ring. Then all three set off back to the castle, but they were barely half-way there when Sharpeyes saw the wizard about to enter the room.

Long drew back his arm and hurled the ring, so that it went in through the castle window, hit the floor and changed into the princess, just as the wizard entered.

He was furious, but his magic had failed and suddenly he changed into a big, black crow and flew out of the window



All the stone statues at once turned back into princes again and the princess was free. The prince and his beautiful bride returned home, where they were married and lived happily ever after. As for Long, Stout and Sharpeyes, they continued on their travels round the world, looking for people who needed help.



A BRAVE LAD

There lived a farmer in a certain city. He had a son whose name was Kanu. This lad was very modest and never boasted about himself. One day Kanu's father sent him to buy seeds for sowing in the fields. Kanu went to the market place, bought the seeds and was coming home rather fast, when he stubbed his foot against a large stone on the road. The basket holding the seeds was knocked off his head and the seeds were scattered in the mud.

Kanu's father grew very angry at this. So he said, "Kanu, you idiot! You can't even carry out simple orders properly. But all the same you eat like a hog and do nothing else! I am tired of your foolishness."

Now Kanu was a very sensitive lad. He was touched to the quick by the angry words of his father. Spiritedly he retorted, "Very well, Father, as you are tired of me, I shall no longer stay here. Give me that iron rod. I want nothing else from you."

So the old farmer gave him a solid iron rod. Kanu picked it up and tested it. He was a strong lad and could easily bend iron rods. When he tried to twist this, it broke into two in his hands. So the father gave him yet another iron rod, heavier than the first one. This too broke in Kanu's hands when he tried to bend it. The third time an iron rod weighing nearly three maunds was given to him. He found he could bend it a little, but it remained



firm and did not break. Satisfied Kanu shouldered the formidable mace and took the high road to adventure.

First, he went to the King of the land and requested him to give him a job. The King gave him the task of looking after the herds of royal cattle. Kanu would receive a hundred gold pieces everyday provided all the cows returned safely. Those who had tended the herds before this had permitted someone to rustle a few cows.

Kanu agreed and that afternoon drove the herds towards their grazing grounds. As he was watching the cows grazing peacefully, a noise like thunder

was heard in the distance and seconds later a fierce looking troll appeared before him. The troll saw him and roared, "Who are you?" Kanu pretended to be afraid and said in a meek voice, "Sir, Please don't harm me! Take any cow you want."

The pleased troll indicated the fattest cow and asked Kanu to tie its legs together. Kanu did as he was told. Then the troll said, "Hey, fellow, put the cow on my shoulders." Kanu said humbly, "Sir, I don't have the strength to lift such an enormous animal. You could easily pick it up by bending down and putting your head between the cow's legs."

The troll roared approval of the suggestion and knelt down to lift the cow. At that moment Kanu lifted his mace and smote the troll heavily on its neck. The troll fell down dead and Kanu buried it near the river.

In the evening, the king was pleasantly surprised to see Kanu return home with all the cows.

Next day, Kanu went as usual to graze the cows and met there a second troll who was presumably the brother of the first one. The brave lad despatched this one also in the

same manner as the first one. The King was even more surprised to see the safe return of Kanu and the herd. On the third day, a third troll appeared and fared no better at the hands of Kanu than the other two. On the fourth day, Kanu encountered an enormous giantess, the mother of the three slain trolls. Dodging her enormous claws, Kanu smote her heavily with his mace. The blow landed on her legs and she fell down groaning in pain from her shattered limbs. So she looked at Kanu and whined, "Lad, kill me now ere the pain kills me."

Kanu was not to be taken

in so easily. So he said, "If I free you from your misery, what will you give me."

The groaning giantess said, "Yonder is my cave which is full of gold and silver. Take it all and end my pain." So Kanu killed her and returned to the palace.

There he was startled to hear sounds of weeping. He went to the sorrowing King and asked him what had happened. The King said in a sad voice, "This afternoon, a three-headed troll visited my palace and threatened to destroy my city, unless I send him my only daughter. So a little while ago I sent my daughter along with



a royal attendant to the care of the troll.

Then Kanu said, "Oh!, King, do not fear. I will kill that troll and rescue your daughter."

Then he set out with his trusted mace and reached the cave of the troll in the twilight hour. Just then the troll came out and saw Kanu standing there. But as the falling rays of the sun fell on its eyes, it was blinded for a few seconds.

Seizing his opportunity, Kanu smashed a blow between the staring eyes of the troll and dashed its brains on the ground. But in swinging his mace, Kanu had accidentally brushed against the projecting teeth of the troll and blood spurted from the wound. The princess came running up and bandaged his wound. Then Kanu asked the royal attendant to take the Princess back to the palace. He would come along presently.

As they were walking back, the crafty attendant thought of a way to win the Princess for himself. He went to the King and boasted that it was indeed he who had got rid of the troll. Therefore, the Princess should be given to him in marriage at once. The king was so glad

to get his daughter back that he did not pause to think over the matter. Quickly he arranged for the Princess's wedding with the untruthful attendant.

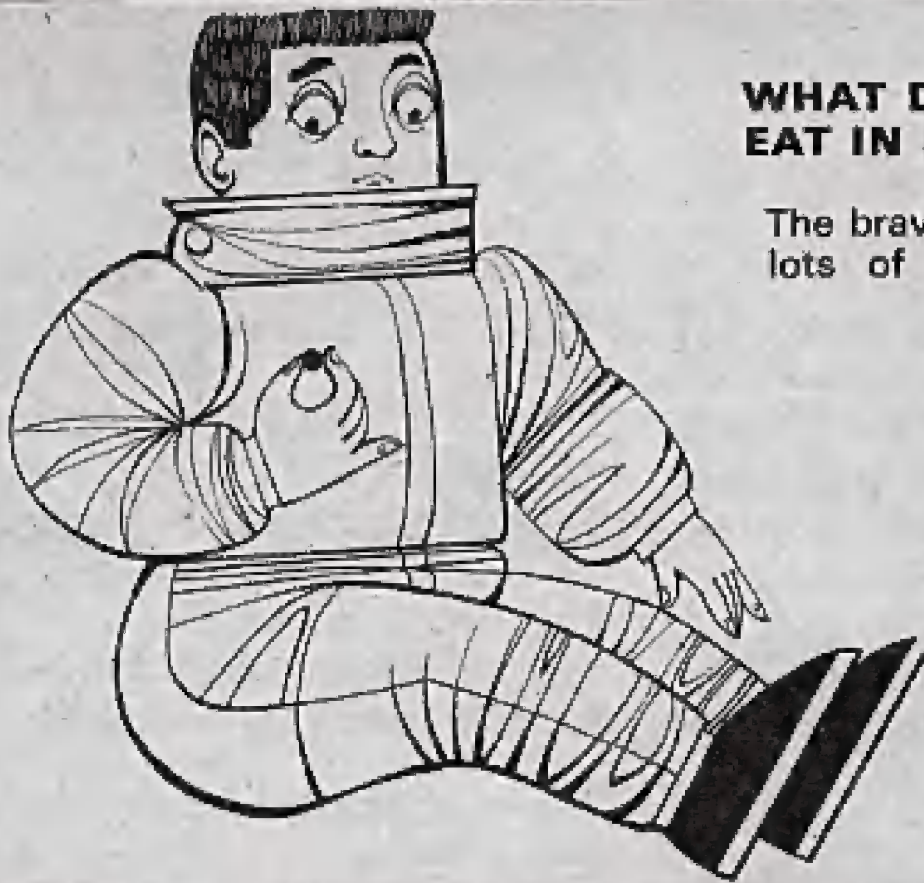
The Princess heard about the wedding arrangement and came running to her father. "Father," she said, "who is marrying me?"

The King replied, "Why my royal attendant, of course. He deserves to marry you after his bravery in rescuing you from the clutches of the evil troll."

The Princess protested at this and related how Kanu had rescued her, but had sent her on with the royal attendant who was now trying to defraud the King with lies.

Just then Kanu arrived, huffing and puffing under the weight of the gold and silver he had unearthed at the troll's cave. He confirmed the account of the princess and told the King of his earlier adventures with the other trolls.

When the King learnt the truth, he was overjoyed and celebrated his daughter's wedding to Kanu with a lot of pomp and show. As for the deceitful royal attendant, he disappeared without a trace.



WHAT DO ASTRONAUTS EAT IN SPACE?

The brave men in Space have lots of nice things to eat: salmon salad, chicken and gravy, beef and gravy, beef sandwiches, cheese crackers, bread and cookie cubes, cocoa, chocolate pudding, orange and grapefruit drinks.



WHY DO THE CHINESE LIKE DRAGONS?

Nowadays, the dragon is used by the Chinese as a decorative emblem, but the dragon of Imperial China was of gold, and was believed to be protecting the sun with long feelers from its mouth. It had five claws on each foot. Fairy Tale dragons are not real of course. The nearest approach to a dragon is said to be the giant Komodo lizard.



THE THREE GOLDEN APPLES

Once upon a time, there lived a beautiful princess called Atlanta. She was not like other princesses, who usually spent their time doing needlework and sitting in the garden. Instead, Atlanta preferred to go hunting. She was such a good huntress that her fame had spread throughout the length and breadth of the land. Her bow was as large as a man's, she could shoot an arrow as

straight as a man and she was so swift at running that she could easily keep up with the most fleet-footed hunter.

One day, her father came to her and said, "Atlanta, my dear, I really do think that it is about time you found yourself a husband. You are a beautiful girl and there is many a young man who would wish to make you his wife."

"Very well, father," replied

Atlanta. "I will marry the man who can outrun me in a race, but if he loses he will be beheaded."

Messengers were sent to the four corners of the kingdom and on the day of the races the greatest princes in the land came to seek Atlanta's hand in marriage, although they knew that to lose the race meant losing their heads.

The first suitor stepped forward and waited for the start of the race. As the flag dropped, Atlanta and the young man raced for the winning post, but Atlanta beat the young man easily and he was taken away to be beheaded by the palace guards. Time and time again Atlanta won the races, never seeming to tire.

When there was no one left to challenge her, Atlanta went to her father and said, "You see, there is no one to beat me. Now, if I may, I will return to my hunting." With a sad nod of his head her father agreed.

One day, a young prince came to the palace. He had heard of Atlanta's fame and daring and he had also heard that she had promised to marry the man who would beat her in a race.

His name was Prince

Melanion and he was the fastest runner in his country. When the king's ministers and advisers heard that there was yet another young man who had come to try and win the princess's hand, they were worried.

"It is foolish for you to try and beat Atlanta at running," they said to Melanion. "It seems such a pity for a fine young man, like yourself, to lose his head just because he is beaten in a race."

But Prince Melanion refused to listen to their advice. He was called before Atlanta's father, the king, who said, "Young man, my ministers tell me that you wish to marry my daughter. You realise that you will have to beat her in a race and that she is the swiftest runner in the land."

"I do, sir," replied Prince Melanion.

The day of the great race arrived and people from miles around came to watch. The course was three miles long and at the finishing line sat the king, ready to declare the winner. Atlanta and Melanion stood side by side on the starting line and as one of the king's ministers dropped the starting flag they sprinted away and out



Prince Melanion let one of the golden apples slip to the ground.

of sight.

Atlanta let Prince Melanion take the lead and ran a few yards behind him, confident that when they neared the finishing line she would be able to run ahead and beat him. However, the prince was more cunning than she thought. He had brought with him three golden apples, the loveliest apples in the world. They grew only in a garden on the other side of the world, protected by the strong North Wind. The prince knew that Atlanta was not far behind him, so as he ran he watched for her shadow, for he knew that when he saw it lengthen on the grass beside

him, she was about to overtake him.

They had gone about a mile when Melanion noticed the princess's shadow beginning to grow longer, so he let slip one of the golden apples and as it fell to the ground the princess cried out in amazement.

"What a beautiful apple. I must have it for myself," she thought. She stopped running and bent down to pick it up. "I have plenty of time to catch up with this slow-footed prince," she said to herself. The prince was now some way ahead, but Atlanta ran as fast as she could and soon she was nearly level with him again.

Another mile had passed and the prince saw Atlanta's shadow fall on the ground beside him. He dropped another golden apple and as soon as Atlanta saw it she stopped to pick it up. "How lucky I am to have two golden apples," she said to herself.

On and on they ran and as they neared the finishing line, Atlanta decided it was now time to pass the prince and win the race, but as she drew alongside, Melanion threw down the third and last golden apple. Quickly, the princess stopped and bent down to pick it up, still sure that she could just beat the young man.

She sped after him as fast as she could, gaining a yard every second. They were getting nearer and nearer the finishing line and still she was catching up. She was just about to pass

Melanion when they crossed the finishing line. The prince was the winner.

The crowd cheered themselves hoarse and the king, with a huge grin on his face, declared Prince Melanion the official winner.

When Atlanta had regained her breath, she admitted defeat and promised never to race again, or go hunting. She admitted that she had fallen in love with the prince when they first met and they were married at once. The wedding was the largest ever to be seen in the kingdom and the happy couple settled down in a house, given to them by the king and there they lived happily ever after.





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